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An appeal to Christian  
mothers in behalf of the









AN  
APPEAL  
TO  
CHRISTIAN MOTHERS,  
IN  
BEHALF OF THE HEATHEN.

BY REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M. D.,  
MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

“THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.”

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PRINCETON  
AN APPEAL  
THEOLOGICAL  
TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.  
SEMINARY.

CHAPTER I.

*INADEQUACY of the means now employed for the  
conversion of the world.*

CHRISTIAN MOTHERS—Were the great mass of human beings who are ignorant of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent, collected together, and placed as near to each other as they could conveniently stand and move, they would form a phalanx a mile in breadth and more than a hundred miles in length. Phalanx after phalanx of this description has entered eternity since Christ lifted up his voice and said “It is finished,” and the astounding cry comes up to us, that forty thousand millions of them have, since that period, been added to the congregation of the dead.

One would suppose that Christ had never given the command to send the Gospel to every creature, and if this command were

not found on the page of inspiration, would be ready to deny that it had ever been given. Who could believe that the church, with her solemn vows upon her, would have allowed forty thousand millions of her fellow-beings to pass from the stage of life with so little effort on her part to evangelize them? I say so little effort; for now and then some degree of effort has been put forth. This was the case in the early periods of christianity. It is the case to some extent now. A few of the followers of the Redeemer have awaked from their slumbers, and begun to think that, with the aid which is promised from on high, they have before them a world to be converted. But these instances are comparatively rare. The great majority of christians have not learned to act upon the high and ennobling principles of the Gospel. There is but here and there one, "who by his agonizing prayers, active efforts and benevolent charities, throws himself into the mighty work of converting the world."

Many do not seem to understand what it is to live for Christ. They practice but little or no self-denial in his service. They indulge themselves and lay up money, even it

is to be feared, in many instances, for the ruin of their children, instead of sacrificing their pleasures and dedicating their children and their substance for the promotion of the Gospel. Most of our pious young men shun the ranks of the ministry. Millions of the heathen are going down to the grave every year, without having heard that there is a Savior ; but these young men cannot be persuaded to give up their farms, or their merchandize, or their law, or their medicine, that they may bear the tidings of his name to their shores. That which chimes with their inclination is made out to be their duty. They turn away in whole companies, professing but not bearing the cross. They bow their knees at the throne of grace, and pray, "Thy kingdom come," while at the same moment they refuse to do any thing personally by which that kingdom may come. They stretch forth their hands, while they keep back part of the price. The sufferings of the Son of God—the joys of heaven—the torments of hell—the solemnities of their dying bed, and the realities of the judgment day are urged, but urged in vain, to induce them to do differently. The sapling has grown

into a tree, and every effort to bend it is useless.



## CHAPTER II.

### *Necessity of Maternal Influence.*

We have seen that the means now employed are inadequate for the world's conversion; and such, we have reason to fear, will continue to be the state of things until the church is blessed with a different race of mothers—a race of mothers who will connect the subject of their infant sons entering the ministry, as they shall be called of God, with the subject of their conversion—who, while dandling them upon their knees, and rehearsing to them the history of the sufferings and death of Christ, and while urging upon them the importance of their dedicating themselves to him, will, at the same time, tell them the history of our ruined race, and endeavor to impress them with a sense of their obligations to enter the Gospel ministry, provided God the Holy Ghost shall qualify

then; for this momentous work. Mighty instrumentalities are needed for the conversion of the world, and as they are not now to be found in the church of God, we must look for the required help from those who are at present in the nursery. To the coming generation our eyes turn with intense interest. It must be trained in habits differing from those which chain their fathers to earthly things. It must be fashioned to a new standard. The missionary spirit must be infused into the heart of the rising generation while it is in its infancy, and the impression must be made now. The hope of the church in our own land and the world rests, in a great degree, under God, on the infant sons and daughters of pious mothers.

Christian mothers, our hearts are sick and faint with the burden of perishing millions. We look over the moral landscape, and our eyes are wearied with the dreariness of the prospect. We look to you, and hope again beams upon us. We look to you as God's agents not only in training laborers for our own land, but in training missionaries for the whole world. The hearts of the coming generation are, in an important sense, in your



hands—taking shape from your tuition. In the cradles you rock, lie infolded the hopes of Christless nations. As the potter shapes the clay, so should you endeavor, under God, to shape the heart of the generation which is now growing up, that it may become a missionary generation. A great responsibility in reference to raising up ministers of the Gospel devolves upon you. Would that I could convince you of this truth. Would that I could awaken in you emotions corresponding in some degree with the importance of it, and lead you to such action as may, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, result in inducing your sons to become ambassadors of the cross. Could I but do this, I doubt not that distant heathen continents would, in coming days, murmur their deep thankfulness to you, and the isles of the sea would clap their hands with joy.



## CHAPTER III

*Power of Maternal Influence.*

In addressing you on the momentous subject of training your infant son, I invite you to consider that you have the strongest reason to believe that, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, YOUR EFFORTS WILL BE SUCCESSFUL. That you may be convinced of this, I ask your attention to the following considerations.

1. Your child receives *its first impressions* from you. In the light of your countenance it catches its earliest thoughts. Your eye and voice and your caresses awaken the first exercises of its mind, and beget the first emotions in its heart. Whatever be the character of these emotions, good or bad, ennobling or grovelling, it drinks them in from you. It watches you with instinctive affection, and as its susceptible heart yearns toward you, it receives the impress of that which you put upon it. The chords of its soul vibrate according to the manner in which you touch them. Its heart is like a soil that has never been occupied, where as yet no plough has

traced any line and no harvest has ever waved to the breeze.

2. These first impressions are also *the strongest and most enduring*. Some soft substances grow hard when exposed to the air. So the heart becomes hard as it is exposed to the world. The impression which is made on the soft infantile heart goes down into its depths, and there it lies, and lives, though the surface becomes hard. Such an impression is stronger than any which is made afterwards, when it has acquired a power of resistance, a hardness that it had not before. And it is the most enduring; for while other impressions made on the hard surface, one after another, are effaced by attrition, this lying lowest, towards the centre, is the last to be reached. And when old age has wasted away the outer coatings of the soul, while there is a core of a heart yet left, that impression will be found like a bright seed in its cells. Facts will show this. Mental philosophers testify to its truth.

A case or two in point may be mentioned. An old man who had passed into his second childhood was stretched upon his dying bed, a picture of impaired faculties, a mind in

ruins. While his friends stood by his bedside he opened his lips and rudely uttered a couplet from a foolish nursery song. On inquiry it was found that the nurse who had borne him in her arms had taught him this worthless ditty. The first thing learned was the last to be forgotten. A gentleman not long since told me, that he has a very aged father, whose faculties are so much impaired that he cannot remember the occurrences of yesterday, but still he can readily repeat the hymns which he learned in infancy.

3. These early impressions which you make, shape *your child's course in life*. Those things which are uppermost in your own breasts will be also uppermost in your conduct, and will make the first impressions on its heart. There is a oneness between you, which resembles that between the branch and the vine, and the same kind of sap will be in the offshoot as is found in the trunk. The ideas which your child receives from you, with regard to the relative importance to be attached to different things, will generally retain their influence even to its death, shaping and modifying its course at every step of its existence. Locke asserts, and

doubtless there is much truth in the assertion, that a child learns more by the time it is four years old than during all the other periods of its life. During these four years then, while your child continues to be almost a part of yourself, you impart to it much of your own spirit, your own ideas of that which you consider to be most valuable, most to be sought after in the present world. And these ideas imparted by you must unquestionably have an influence in determining the spirit and the ruling desires of its future life. You may at this early age make impressions respecting dress, equipage or the gratification of any appetite, which will stamp its character. A mother who has a martial or peaceful, a money-grasping or liberal, a jealous and suspicious or frank spirit, may impart to her infant this same spirit, and give complexion to all its plans and strivings on the stage of life.

“The most likely and hopeful reformation of the world,” says Archbishop Tillotson, “must commence with children.” What truth or force can there be in this remark, if what I have said in regard to early impressions be untrue? It is a truth—a philosoph-

ical truth—a most solemn and awful truth. Mothers, the hearts of your children love you and trust you, as a man trusts God. No one interposes between you and them to prevent your making what impression you please upon them. Their hearts are like melted wax, and readily run into the moulds you make for them. “Tell me,” a person once exclaimed, “what a man is, and I will tell you what his mother was.”

Now if it has been made evident that your child obtains its earliest, strongest and most lasting impressions from you; if it is clear that the impressions you make during the first four years of its life will, in a most important sense, determine its temporal aims and shape its whole future course, then the conclusion cannot be evaded, that you have every reason to believe you can, by the help of your covenant-keeping God and Redeemer, give the mind of your infant son a direction towards the Gospel ministry. God has determined to have a ministry. He has left means, which will secure this end, if properly used; and these means he has in no small degree committed to you. From this it follows that God intends that you

shall be instruments in establishing his purposes.

Let me turn you to one or two facts. Years ago there was a missionary meeting held in one of our Eastern States. Strong appeals were made. Hearts thrilled and burned with love for a perishing world. Money poured in. There was one man and woman there, who were poor, but the spirit of Christ was not lacking in them. So they took in their arms their infant son and trod slowly up to the altar and dedicated him to God, to be employed, if such should be his pleasure, in the missionary work. The child nurtured by these parents imbibed their spirit and became a missionary of the cross.

There was a devoted woman in England who had a son. She was accustomed to take him with her into her closet and pray with him when he was four years of age or before, and when she thus prayed she put her hand upon his head. The boy became a reckless young man, yet in all his recklessness he never forgot the soft hand of his mother resting upon him as he knelt with her before the throne of grace. That man died in the beauty of holiness, with many

souls as the seals of his ministry. This was the Rev. John Newton.

I know a mother who has eight sons, and who is not aware, as she once told me, that a day ever passes in which she does not pray for each of these sons by name, that they may become ministers of the Gospel. One of these sons has recently entered the ministry. Three others are preparing for this same work.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *Miseries of the Heathen.*

There are various MOTIVES which should induce you to go forward in the good work to which your attention has been directed.

1. Consider the *wocs and wants* of the heathen. Look over into those doleful lands where the prince of darkness rules with desolating sway. They are the border grounds of hell. Millions live and die there under the thralldom of evil spirits. Look at their moral degradation as well as at their other miseries.



It has been said that the *Hindoos* are a virtuous people. "Alas! how should virtue exist in a nation whose sacred writings encourage falsehood, revenge and impurity—whose gods were monsters of vice—to whose sages are attributed the most brutal indulgences in cruelty, revenge, lust and pride—whose priests endeavor to copy these abominable examples, and whose institutions are the very hotbeds of impurity."

In vain will you seek to find virtue among the heathen in India. In the place thereof you will find every crime mentioned by the apostle Paul in the latter part of the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans; and, I was almost ready to say, crimes of so black a nature that the Holy Ghost would not allow him to pen them. Indeed, were what I know of the abominations of the heathen written in the Bible, that book could never be opened again and read. I never saw a man in India whose word I would be willing to trust. In defence of a cause in a court of justice they will swear falsely, in a most shocking manner, so that a judge never knows when he may safely believe a Hindoo witness. It is said that some of the courts of



justice are infested by a set of men termed four-annas-men, (four annas are equal to about twelve and a half cents,) who for so paltry a sum are willing to make oath to any thing, however false. Sir William Jones, after a residence of twenty years in India, testified that he never knew a Hindoo who would not perjure himself for money. If deceit, dishonesty, filthiness of conversation, adultery, fornication, discord, hatred, abuse, slanders, injuries, litigations, can degrade a people, then the Hindoos have sunk to the lowest mark in the scale of human depravity. Oh I could tell you such a tale in illustration of this point as would make the ears of every one of you to tingle. But I must forbear. The recital would be too appalling.

“The impurity of the conversation and manners of the Hindoos,” says Mr. Ward, one of the late missionaries at Serampore, “is so much dreaded by Europeans, that they tremble for the morals of their children, and consider their removal to Europe, however painful such a separation may be to the mind of the parent, as absolutely necessary to prevent their ruin. In the capacity of a servant, the wife of an English soldier is

considered as an angel when compared with a native woman." We no more think of allowing our children to associate with the natives in common, than we would think of turning them into a den of lions, and bears, and tigers. "The deliberate malice, the falsehood, the calumnies and the avowed enmity with which the people pursue each other, and sometimes from father to son, offer a very mortifying view of the human character. No stranger can sit down among them without being struck with this temper of malevolent contention and animosity as a prominent feature in the character of this people. It is seen in every village. The inhabitants live with each other in a sort of repulsive state; nay, the spirit of contention enters into almost every family. Seldom is there a household without its internal divisions and lasting animosities."

Private murder is practised to a dreadful extent, especially in the houses of the rich, where detection is almost impossible. Infanticide is a thing of very frequent occurrence. The relation of a single fact on this point must suffice. In the province of Mulwa, where this crime is common, a gentleman,

who was some time since engaged in political investigations there, discovered in one village that while there were forty-two male children not a single girl was to be found. They had all been slaughtered almost as soon as they were born.

Let me point you to a few of the scenes which are witnessed in that Eastern World, in order that you may be more fully convinced of the misery which reigns there.

1. The great *temple of Juggernaut* at Orissa. Every year more than a million of persons visit this celebrated spot, there to pay homage to a rough hewn block with a dingy visage and a bloody mouth. The roads thither, for fifty miles around, are skirted by the bleached bones of the pilgrims who have died by the way-side. Look at one of their horrid festivals: infuriated men catch the long ropes and drag the ponderous car of the idol through the deep sand. On it rolls, like a fiend-drawn chariot. The robed Brahmins sit perched in its lofty tiers—the clang of harsh instruments, the shoutings of the swarming throng, and the howls of those devotees who roll their bodies in its track, or throw themselves under its massive wheels

to be crushed to death, give a vivid picture of hell's demoniac host. It is said that one hundred and fifty persons were once killed near the gate of the temple by the tremendous press of the vast crowd.

2. *The Ganges.* The river Ganges is said to be a goddess. "The sacred books of the Hindoos declare that the sight, the name, or the touch of this river takes away all sin. In prospect of dissolution, its waters are fraught with peculiar efficacy in washing away the stains of sin. To think intensely on the Ganges at the hour of death, should the person be far distant, will not fail of a due reward. To die in the full view of it is pronounced most holy. To die on the margin, in its immediate presence, is still holier; but to die partly immersed in the stream, besmeared with its sacred mud, and imbibing its purifying waters, holiest of all. If distance interpose a barrier, the preservation of a single bone, for the purpose of committing it at some future time to the Ganges, is believed to contribute essentially to the salvation of the deceased.

"Were you standing on the banks of this river, you might in one place see two or

three young men roughly carrying a sickly female towards it. If you were to ask them what they are going to do with her, perhaps they would reply, we are going to give her up to Gunga, to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven ; for she is our mother. In another place you might see a person seated in the water accompanied by a priest, who pours mud and water down his throat, crying out, O mother Gunga, receive his soul. The dying man may be roused to sensibility by the violence. He may implore his priest to desist. But his entreaties are drowned. He perseveres in filling his mouth with this mud and water, until he gradually expires, stifled, suffocated, murdered in the name of humanity—in the name of religion.”

In another place you might see a man descending from a boat into the river, with water-pans suspended to his neck ; which water-pans when filled will drag him down to the bottom, so as to be seen no more for ever. There is murder again in the name of religion. He is a devotee, and has purchased heaven, as he supposes, by this his last and greatest good deed. You might then follow the carcasses which are ever floating

down the current of this great water cemetery, until your eye should rest upon the island which lies at its mouth. It is Saugor island. In 1837 there were more than 60,000 boats abreast of its most holy landing-place; and it was supposed that there were 300,000 pilgrims there. This is the island where hundreds of mothers were accustomed to hurl their infants to be devoured by crocodiles, until prevented by British bayonets.

There is one circumstance connected with the river Ganges which I would not fail to mention. "When any person," says Captain Williamson, "has been taken to the side of the Ganges, or other substituted waters, under the supposition that he is dying, he is, in the eye of the Hindoo law, dead. His property passes to his next heir, according to his bequest, and in the event of recovery—which, from a sudden rallying of the vital powers or other causes, sometimes happens, especially in cases of rapid and great prostration of strength—the poor fellow becomes an outcast. Even his own children will not eat with him nor afford him the least accommodation. If by chance they come in contact, ablution must follow. The wretched

survivor from that time is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort but to associate himself with persons in similar circumstances." He literally becomes a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth.

3. *Goomsoor*. Look at the horrid festival of the Khonds. See that human victim fastened to a strong post, amid the surrounding multitude. There is a strange fierce look about that crowd. They are decked in holiday finery, and drawn knives are in their hands. Hear the appointed signal, and witness the impetuous rush of the throng upon that living victim, each vying with his neighbor who shall gash out the first piece from the quivering body! This is common.

Captain Campbell, of the English service, rescued, on one occasion, no less than one hundred and three children, who had either been bought or stolen, and who were destined to this doom. He writes as follows, "I have been most fortunate in my late expedition among the wild Khonds of Goomsoor, and have rescued no less than one hundred and three children of various ages, who were intended for sacrifice by these barbarians. These children are now at head quarters,



and form a most interesting group, happy (such as were aware of their situation) in having escaped the fate which awaited them.

After the arrival of the British troops in that country a female found her way to the Collector's camp with fetters on her legs. She had escaped from those who had charge of her, and related that she had been sold by her own brother for the purpose of being sacrificed.

4. Let me enumerate some of the penances whereby the heathen endeavor to propitiate their deities, and gain the adoration of men. Some of the Fakeers or Yogees (devotees who go about and beg alms) practice most fearful austerities upon themselves. Some live in holes and caves; some drag around a heavy chain attached to them; some make the circuit of an empire, creeping on their hands and knees; some roll their bodies from the shores of the Indus to the Ganges; some swing all their life time before a slow fire; some hold up one or both arms until the muscles become rigid and the limbs become shrivelled into stumps; some stretch themselves on beds of iron spikes; some carry iron collars round their necks.



See these wretched creatures, groping the dark way to eternal death, without any knowledge of Christ, striving to make atonement for their sins ; some lying all day with their heads on the ground and their feet in the air ; some stuffing their eyes with mud and their mouths with straw ; some lying with pots of fire upon their breasts ; some enveloped in nets of ropes ; some stretched out in ponds of water.

See some casting themselves down from a height upon iron spikes or bags of straw with knives in them ; some dancing on fire ; some having their sides or tongues perforated, and canes, swords, or living snakes put through the aperture ; some with their breast and arms packed with pins ; some sitting all night by the temples with lamps, whose pointed extremities are fastened in the flesh of their foreheads. See some swing through the air by hooks grappled in the flesh of their backs ; some bind themselves to trees until they die ; some throw themselves from precipices and are dashed to pieces ; some bury themselves alive in graves which their own relations have dug. These facts and these scenes to which I have drawn your at-

tention, will show you how great are the moral degradation and the miseries in general of the heathen of India.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *Degradation of Heathen Females.*

Having given you a description of the miseries in general of the heathen, I must ask you to proceed one step further and look at THE WRETCHEDNESS AND DEPRAVITY OF HEATHEN FEMALES. Of these I cannot draw a more accurate picture than Paul has exhibited in the third chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: "There is none righteous, no not one. There is none that understandeth: there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way: they are altogether become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre: with their tongues they have used deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness. Their feet are swift to shed

blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes."

In illustrating this I shall mainly give you quotations from the natives of the soil. Perhaps in no country is the quarrelling of females carried to such an extent as it is in India. Being held in the most deplorable ignorance and slavish subjection, they vent their furious passions against each other, and indulge in the most virulent and indecent railings.

"Their throat is indeed an open sepulchre, the poison of asps is under their lips." They swear in the most terrible manner, laying their children down and stepping over them, uttering at the same time the most filthy and blasphemous expressions. Not only do they curse God, but they call down his curses upon themselves and their children. They will say as follows: "Make it known, O God, that the crime which my accusers ascribe to me is false: if otherwise, let thy temple go to ruin, let thy bowels burst, let thyself be destroyed, and let thy shrine be levelled to the dust. If this accusation be

true, let this my child on the ground die.” Paul has said correctly, “ Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.”

Let us advance a step farther in this horrid revelation, and see how literally these words of the apostle are verified in their case—“ Their feet are swift to shed blood. Destruction and misery are in their ways.” In the province of Bengal alone it is supposed that 120,000 infants are yearly destroyed ere they have seen the light of day.

It is a common if not invariable practice for heathen husbands to beat their wives. On such occasions these wives show their revengeful spirit in different ways. At one time they fly to the temple of the goddess Karle—the goddess of vengeance, who wears two dead bodies for ear-rings, who has the heads of giants whom she has slain as a girdle to her loins, and who is said to be pleased a thousand years with the sacrifice of one man. To her shrine they fly and entreat her to take vengeance on their husbands, as I myself have witnessed. When abused by their husbands, they sometimes wreak their spite upon their poor children, kicking them in a most violent manner. Sometimes

they starve themselves to death ; sometimes they destroy themselves by cutting their throats, or swallowing poison, or throwing themselves into wells.

“ The way of peace have they not known.” Suicide is more frequent among the women than among men. A number of reasons have been assigned for their committing this crime. The first has been already mentioned, namely, the ill-treatment they receive from their husbands. Another is the belief that if they destroy themselves they shall be changed into devils, and can take full vengeance upon those who have used them ill. The females of India are objects of contempt even before they are born. The great reason why sons are so highly respected and daughters so degraded is, that none but the male offspring of a family can perform the annual funeral rites to the souls of their deceased ancestors ; and according to their conviction it follows that all the progenitors of a family are cast into hell for want of a son among their descendants.

When a female child is born the fact is generally made known to the relations most nearly connected with the family, but some-

times the news does not go beyond the door-posts. The members of the household seldom distribute sugar and beetle-nuts to their friends, as is done at the birth of a son. The brand of shame is thus early put upon the tender infant. The mothers groan at the unhappy destiny to which their daughters must eventually be subjected, and on this account spend many of their leisure moments in melancholy meditation. They are frequently heard to say that it would be better if their daughters were born mud or clay, which the potter shapes into cooking utensils, than to be destined to become the worst treated slaves in the world. On the thirteenth or some other convenient day a name is given to the female child. It is chosen from the catalogue of goddesses related to the gods or goddesses whom the family worship. The name is seldom given with any very splendid ceremonies, even among rich individuals. The great majority of the Hindoos give names to their daughters without invitation or ceremony. The mother is forbidden to address the children by their own names, if they happen to be the same in sound with the names of their mothers-in-law, fathers-

in-law, husbands, brothers-in-law, or other relations of their husbands' houses. The Hindoos say that the wife who pronounces the names of these relations and of her husband will be doomed to everlasting fire.

The education of females is systematically opposed. With the exception of those women of ill-fame who are priestesses of the temples, and whose business it is to sing the most obscene songs within these temples, no females are taught to read. The following are some of the alleged objections to their education.

1. Females ought not to be educated, for if the many unlettered men were to have educated females for wives they would not be subject to them.

2. Adultery is certainly to be expected from education given to females.

3. Custom is opposed to it.

4. Bread is not procurable by the education of females.

5. Education is not required to teach a female how to perform her duties, as it has nothing to do with cookery.

6. If a woman be educated, she will become a widow, or some other misfortune will follow.

7. A wife is married to a Hindoo, not for the purpose of sitting down and conversing with him on any subject, but that she may be the confidential servant in domestic drudgery.

8. A woman can obtain salvation even without worshipping the gods, for a husband is to a wife greater than a god : the husband is her god, and priest, and religion and its services : wherefore abandoning every thing else, she ought chiefly to worship her husband.

Their marriages are marriages neither of choice nor affection, and consequently are prolific sources of misery. Before a girl reaches the age of seven or ten years, the parents are bound to give her in marriage. Both husbands and wives are often dissatisfied with the choice of the parents. The husband proves unfaithful to the wife, and she utters many curses against her parents, who married her to such a vicious and profligate husband. She grows hard-hearted and thinks of breaking her marriage ties, or of committing suicide. Look also at their treatment after marriage.

After the ceremonies are performed, the bride remains with her mother, or goes to



her husband's house, where she is under the control of her mother-in-law. As she is generally very young, great pains are taken in teaching her how to dress rice, make curry, &c. for if she is not skilful in the management of cookery, her mother-in-law kicks her, spits upon her, cuffs her, and beats her with a stick or any thing which may be at hand. The ill-treatment which she receives from her mother-in-law sours her mind to a dreadful degree against her. She stores up her troubles in her heart, and waits with patience to take a double vengeance upon her when opportunity shall offer. To this must be added the manifold grievances which the sisters of her husband inflict upon her. They beat her, and torture her feelings by heart-rending rebukes and reproachful epithets.

The relation of a wife to a husband is that of a slave to a tyrant. She is bound to be entirely subject to him. She is at the mercy of his will. See how the character, duties and position of heathen wives are defined by Manu, the greatest of Indian legislators and philosophers.

“Women,” says he, “have no business

with the texts of the Veda or Sacred books having therefore no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiatory texts, sinful woman must be as foul as falsehood itself." Again: "Infidelity, violence, deceit, envy, extreme avariciousness, a total want of good qualities, with impurity, are the innate faults of woman kind."

"With regard to their duties," he says, "though enamored of another woman, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife." It would be a difficult thing for some of the wives of the heathen to revere their wicked and cruel husbands, who, to quote again from the native, "use their wives in a most desperate way, and that at times when there is not a particle of guilt, as if they were puppets of iron, and who ruthlessly visit them should they happen to sneeze or cough in their presence."

"Widows," says Manu, "can never be married." Dreadful are the consequences which result from this restriction. Again this lawgiver says, "A woman who has no children may be cast off by her husband, and another taken in the eighth year; she whose

children are all dead, in the tenth ; she who has daughters only, in the eleventh ; and she who speaks unkindly, without delay." I will mention a few of the laws by which women are bound by Hindoo customs.

1. A wife must not sleep longer than her husband. She must awake by break of day, and be ready for his commands.

2. She must prepare her husband's food, and wait for his coming home before she can put any thing into her mouth. Though pressed with hunger, she cannot eat until he has taken his food.

3. Though the husband abuse, beat, or cut the throat of his wife, yet it is spoken of as the truest law for a chaste wife to remain as silent as a dead person.

4. At night she must not go to bed before her husband.

5. A woman, whether old or young, at the sight of a man, of whatever age he may be, must instantly rise, if she is sitting.

In all the wretchedness I have now been describing the degraded females of India live ; and they die like the beasts of the field. Many of them are destroyed, as you have heard, by their own hands. Tens of

thousands have perished on the funeral pile, and in many parts of Hindoostan they yet continue to be thus immolated. To give one instance. Not long since the king of Edur died. On the morning of the burning of his corpse no less than fourteen living persons (of whom I think five or seven were queens) were burnt to death with it before all the assembled population of Edur.

A few remarks on this subject must close the details of misery which I am relating. The holy books of the Hindoos recommend voluntary religious suicide. The following is a quotation from one of them. "There is no virtue greater than a virtuous woman's burning herself with her husband; no other effectual duty is known for virtuous women at any time, after the death of their lords, than casting themselves into the same fire. There are 35,000,000 of hairs on the human body. The woman who ascends the pile with her husband will remain so many years in heaven. If the husband be a murderer of his own friend, the wife by burning with him purges away all his sins."

Encouraged by such doctrines, the wretched widow ascends the pile of wood on which

is stretched the corpse of her husband. Around this pile stand the helpless children, and for what? To put out the fire with their tears? No! but in the name of their gods to apply the torch which in a few minutes is to leave them motherless orphans in a friendless world. "Can the policy of hell," says one, "prevail further than this. Why is it that in circumstances so powerfully calculated to summon forth all the tenderness and sympathy of a mother's heart, we behold the unhappy creature pillowed on putrescence and ashes, curtained with blazing flames, and overcanopied with volumes of smoke?" Ah! christian mothers, it is because the religion of Jesus has never reached her heart. This is the way by which she believes she is to obtain heaven.

I have thus exhibited to you a picture of female existence in India. There is not a bright color nor a beautiful shading in this picture. You have followed me as I have rehearsed the woes of your own sex. You have seen that from before their birth to the hour of their death their life is a life of shame, and contempt, and sorrowful treatment, enough to break the heart of a christian mother.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Condition of Christian Females contrasted with that of the Heathen.*

Are you pained and wearied with the mournful picture of wretchedness which has just been drawn? I am glad if you are, for I desire now to turn your attention to A BRIGHT CHAPTER OF BLESSINGS. I allude to your station, and your history, from the time that a christian mother rocked your cradle, while she lulled your wakefulness with some sweet song of Zion. Look back a moment, and let your past life unroll itself to your scrutiny. Stern looks did not greet your entrance into this world. You were not shunned as a painful appendage to the household circle, nor visited with cold neglect. No. Kind hands fondled your tender form. Many eyes glistened at the sight of you, and affection exhausted itself in contriving for your comfort. You were watched and cherished with unvarying tenderness. Your birth was not hid as a disgraceful thing. It was told with joy. Complacent smiles sat upon parental lips as they spake of you.

There was no line of demarcation between you and your brothers. No superstitious partialities hedged you about with a wall of shame. No Cain's mark was put upon your brow. No mother wept away her lonely hours, grieving that she had given birth to a daughter—to you. No! You were born under the shadow of the blessed Gospel—and you were welcomed with much gladness, and guarded with deep solicitude and sleepless assiduity. And as you grew in stature, and passed on through the changing scenes of childhood, blessed influences sprang up around your path to form your character in accordance with pure and elevating standards. Your home was not a den of pollution, where the very air, burdened with impurities, communicated its foul taint to your susceptible heart. Your mother was no quarrelsome, swearing virago, to nurture you into a wretched conformity to herself.

No! Maternal example shone around you like a light from heaven. Its brightness and purity beamed across your young heart with softening, purifying influence. As the Almighty Spirit brooded over the unformed earth and fashioned its chaotic materials



into a world of beauty, so your mother's spirit brooded over your heart when it was as yet "without form and void," and so moulded its elements that your character became full of sweet harmonies. How blessed were the days of your infancy! And when you became older, you were not shut out from an education. There was no flaming sword at the gate of this Eden, turning every way to keep you from the walks of learning. You were not trained under the workings of a religious system which proclaims you to be an unworthy and dangerous subject of intellectual culture. The arrangements of your early life were not so adjusted by others as to shroud you in midnight ignorance and give cultivation only to the passionate parts of your nature. Oh no! Everything was done to furnish each chamber and recess of your mind with useful knowledge.

And you were not betrothed in infancy to one whom you had never seen, and married to one whom you did not love. You enjoyed the high and excellent privilege of personal choice, and were wedded to one who had gained your affections by his worthiness and love. No cruel mother-in-law was enthroned



over you in your husband's house, to rule you with a rod of iron, to spit in your face while you were yet a young bride, and beat you with merciless passion. Your husband's house was your house, and home, and governing sphere. The keys and the sway were given to you. And your husband was not a tyrant who gloried in trampling you under his feet, and made you the convenient object upon which to vent his fierceness, so as to visit you ferociously if you did but sneeze or cough in his presence.

Oh no! What endearing courtesies have you constantly received instead of such heart-rending treatment! Your duties were never defined to be those of an abject and degraded slave, nor your husband placed before you in the attitude of a god. Your place has been in his heart, and not at his feet. You were never goaded to despair and suicide by the cruel and systematized oppression of himself and his relations, or maddened to a wild and fearful revenge upon them.

Your lines have fallen in pleasant places, your heritage is in a goodly land, a land gladdened with the disenthraling influences

of the Gospel of peace and joy. Your station in society is an honorable one. There is no Manu among christian legislators to stamp the character of your sex with ignominy, and associate the idea of woman with every thing that is foul and despicable. There is in this free land no legislation that aims to degrade you and set you forth in the eyes of men as basely inferior to them. You occupy an honorable position. High esteem is set upon you. The gentlest courtesies are rendered to you as your right. The hardened wretch lowers his tone till it savors of blandness, if he speaks to you. If you travel through the land, acts of kindness and preference will be shown to you at every step. Public opinion frowns on the man who can treat a woman cruelly. You give character to the circle in which you move, and men accommodate themselves much to your standards. The softest and sweetest words are spoken to you. Man, iron-handed man, fashions himself to a gentle bearing in your presence, and the lion-hearted learn to act as lambs. Truly your station is honorable and your privileges are great. The hours of your gladsome infancy, the sunny bridal

days, comforts, and joys of your matronly life, all testify that your position has been and is replete with blessings.

As you review these things, Christian mothers, remember that you are indebted to Christ for them. It is the law of Christ that distinguishes your condition so greatly from the condition of Hindoo women. You are under especial obligations to the Redeemer. Wherever he is not worshipped females are degraded and oppressed with a despotism fierce and unrelenting. Wherever he is obeyed and loved, there you are loved and honored. Every thing around you is a witness to the truth of this. Every thing that makes you to differ from heathen mothers proves it.

Go to Gethsemane and Calvary, and see the Almighty Savior bowed beneath the burden of unutterable agony. With his own blood he purchased for you these earthly benefits, and hitherto I have mainly had these in view; but stop here a moment and think that Christ not only gives you these temporal blessings, but also redemption from eternal wo. Think of the precious hopes of salvation which illumine the way of your

pilgrimage. Think of the holy consolations that sustain you in hours of trial. Oh think of the heaven towards which you are journeying; and from these heights of earthly and heavenly felicity on which you stand, look down, I beseech you, into those depths of degradation which I have described. There lie many benighted and languishing spirits, groaning over their own earthly wretchedness, and shut out from one comforting ray of a joyful rest beyond the grave.

And remember, oh remember! that these depraved mothers will give shape to all the unborn millions who shall swarm upon that soil, so long as they are under the degraded religion which makes them what they are. Let me entreat you to look forward and try to conceive of the abominations and miseries which are to make India, and I would add all that Eastern world, accursed, until the latest generation shall have passed from their beautiful shores into hell, unless the religion which makes these mothers a channel of pollution and wretchedness is broken from off their necks, and they be set free with the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free.

Oh the Gospel, the glorious Gospel. What transforming powers does it possess! Yes, for by it those heathen mothers who are now a torment to themselves, a curse to their posterity, and a dishonor to Jehovah, who are now training their offspring for endless misery, can be made a glory and delight unto Christ. Those heathen mothers, now sunk in the depths of degradation, with hearts bruised and bowed down by constant and systematized tyranny, and with minds darkened by benighted superstition, can be restored to their right position, and be made a blessing in all their relations. Those heathen mothers now in ignorance and darkness, living in misery and hastening on to the realms of eternal wretchedness, who stand even now on the confines of hell, and manifest in their conduct the temper of the spirits that dwell in that fathomless pit, can be reclaimed by the omnipotent and saving influence of the glorious Gospel. Yes, and every family may, by it, become a miniature of the church of God. Every husband may be like the bridegroom Christ, and every wife like the Lamb's bride, the church. Their sons may become as plants grown up

in their youth, and their daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace. But alas ! there are none to carry this Gospel to them ; none who will go and preach salvation on every mountain of sin, and tell the wondrous story of a crucified Redeemer in every valley and by the banks of every stream.

Christian mothers, do you care for the temporal comfort of the heathen ? Have you any compassion for their perishing souls ? Have you any gratitude to the Son of God, who has so abundantly blessed you ? Have you any desire to honor him, any delight in his glory, any burnings of heart to carry out the great purpose of his death ? Then I beseech you, by each and all of these considerations, to train your sons for Christ ; to educate them from infancy for him ; for ministers or missionaries, as he shall call them to his service.

What an enterprise is here for you ! Look not upon it coldly, for it is blessed. I call on you to arise and gird up yourselves for this work. I call upon you to use your utmost endeavors to impress the hearts of your infant sons during the first four or five

years of their lives, with such truths as will ultimately, through God's grace, make them fountains of joy to distant and heathen lands. Oh! it is no time-service that I ask of you. It is labor that shall garnish the throne of God with bright jewels, even redeemed souls. It is labor that shall polish the crown of Christ and make it resplendent with gems dug from heathen mines, and cleansed from heathenish stains. It is labor that shall swell into a louder shout that anthem of redemption which at the last day shall echo among the vaulted roofs of the upper temple. I call on you to furnish soldiery for Immanuel, as he urges his legions on to the great battle-grounds of paganism and holiness. I ask your sons for God's honor, for Jehovah's glory. I ask you to do all in your power to save them from worldly lives, and devote them to the cause of the glorious Redeemer.

Reproach has been gathering for ages on the name of Christ. The church has not obeyed her Lord. She has lived in disobedience to her living head. Here is an opportunity for you to wipe away this accumulated reproach, by laying, through grace, the foundations of a missionary church in the



cradles of your nurseries. Here is an opportunity for you to be preaching the Gospel through the lips of your own offspring, even when you stand on the battlements of heaven and look down upon this earth to see how goeth the contest between hell and the Lord of Hosts. Oh! will you not consecrate your children to this work? Would you have one harp in heaven unstrung for the want of such a consecration?



## CHAPTER VII.

*Means to be used by Christian Mothers.*

Let me now give an answer to the question which I hope has arisen, "HOW SHALL I DO THIS WORK?" I will make some remarks which may form a connected answer to this inquiry. And,

1. *Dedicate your new-born son to God.*—Make an honest and entire consecration of him, and let him be ever to you as a sacred vessel for God's sanctuary, which may not



be put to a profane use without provoking Divine judgement. Say as Hannah did, with weeping heart, "I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life. As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." I would that there were more such mothers as was Hannah, who would dedicate their children, if sons, to the sanctuary of God even before their birth. I do believe that if the church abounded with such mothers there would not be so many tears shed over ungodly sons as we are now obliged to witness.

2. *Pray that your son may be led by God's Spirit into the ministry.* Let this be the earnest desire of your heart. Plead at the throne of grace, that this petition may be offered in heaven's courts before the Father by the great Intercessor. Day after day and year after year, let this supplication be recorded in the book of Divine remembrance. Show that this is the main anxiety of your soul for your son, that he may be a watchman on some watch-tower of Redemption erected amid pagan or other desolations. You may have power with God and prevail. He will hear persevering prayer. Then never be faint nor be weary, but with the same

purpose in view, untiringly at God's feet, press your suit and plead his gracious promises until the desire of your heart is fulfilled, even with a crown of rejoicing.

3. *Begin to labor with your child before he is four years old.* Attention to this is of the greatest importance. Many mothers are skeptical respecting the formative power and permanent influence of impressions made so early. But I have already endeavored to show the truth in regard to this subject. "Give me the first five years of a child's life," said a celebrated French infidel philosopher, "and I will teach it to break every law of God and man." Give me the first five years of my child's life, you may say, and I will, through the Holy Spirit, make such an impression upon his mind that he will grow up with but one thought and one design, which will be to live and labor for a dying world. I have heard of a case in a family where there were two sons, the one four and the other twelve years of age. On the younger lad a most vivid and powerful impression in regard to the heathen was made, while the other was unmoved. The ground was preoccupied in the

elder ; the field was clear for impressions in the heart of the younger.

Christian mothers, if you would expect your labors to be crowned with success, you must begin to instruct your sons in very early life,—before they are four years old. Even before they have learned to speak, when the eye first begins to beam with the light of awakened intelligence, sing to them low plaintive airs concerning the wants of our own land and of the heathen, as well as the sweet hymns which tell of salvation by the blood of Christ. Let the first thing that their minds catch be something respecting these wants. That first idea will thoroughly imbue the soul and impart a savor which later impressions cannot wholly destroy. Christian mothers, at what age does your little boy know that a penny will supply him with a toy ? At that age you should endeavor to make him understand that the only remedy for the miseries of a dying world, for the perishing heathen, is the Gospel.

4. Let their *nursery books* be of a right kind. Furnish them with some simple books and periodical papers which direct their attention to the wants of our own land, as

well as those which show the habits and customs and religion of the heathen\*—books and periodicals, whose history shall not only delight and instruct their young minds, but which shall call out the earliest emotions of their souls and engage their liveliest sympathies in their behalf. Choose those books, which, in simple historical portraitures, display the grand reasons of the world's wretchedness, and point out the cross as the only remedy for its woes. You will thus afford your sons a fund of pleasure as great as they would drink in from "Jack the giant killer," and other similarly frivolous and dangerous books. You will store their minds with truth, instead of those fictions which will haunt them ever afterwards. You will strengthen their minds with substantial food, instead of weakening them with airy and indigestible fancies. You will make impressions which will prepare their minds to grasp eagerly for missionary intelligence, and constrain them to become deeply enga-

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\* Since my return to America I have published a small work entitled "Letters to Sabbath-school Children, on the condition of the Heathen." It is printed by the American Sunday-school Union.

ged in the cause of missions. Its progress will become dear to them. Facts in regard to it will be closely linked with all their earliest associations, and incorporated with their thoughts and affections, making the missionary life appear desirable and blessed.

5. *Tell them stories which bear upon the destinies more particularly of the heathen world.* Store your own mind with facts, and be guided in the selection of such facts by these two things, the death of Christ, and the ruin of earth by sin. Let them be exceedingly various in their general character, but let them all have some point which shall clearly exhibit these two subjects, or something which can be brought to bear upon them. Your little boys will often come with the request, "Mamma, please to tell me a story," and if you will always have suitable stories at hand to tell them, you will find them delighted hearers; and while they are entirely unconscious of the whole matter, you will be planting in their budding, inquisitive minds, the two greatest ideas of which we can here form any conception, namely, that they must live for Christ, and live for a dying world.

6. Teach them to *contribute for the support* of the Gospel at home and among the heathen. As soon as they can understand the idea (and they will understand it at a very early age) that money is needed to spread the Gospel of our Savior, teach them to give it, and to give it systematically. Teach them to give it by self-denial. Let them earn a penny as often as they please, by going without some accustomed luxury, or what some might call comfort. Provide them with work, whereby they may gain money for the heathen. Teach them to exercise their ingenuity and their industry in order to gain something for this purpose. Furnish them with a missionary-box to hold their contributions, and so instruct them that they shall feel much happier in dropping a penny into it, than by spending it for candy or similar things. Christian mothers, we want children trained thus in habits of giving, in habits of denying self, in order to fill the Lord's treasury. Would that those Christians, who now have a place in our churches and make money in our streets, had thus been trained. Then would not schools in heathen lands be disbanded for want of

means to support them ; nor would presses be stopped, nor missionaries at home and abroad faint and die, through overwork.

7. *Let them know that they are consecrated to God.* Christian mother, tell your child after you have thus instructed him, that you have vowed to the Lord, that if he would qualify him for the work of the Gospel ministry, you would not only relinquish your right in him, but do all in your power that he may preach among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Take him alone. Summon to your aid all the solemnities of circumstance and place that you can ; kneel with him ; put your hand upon his head, as Newton's mother did, and pray with him. Give him away to God, audibly, in a form of consecration, and then tell him that you have thus consecrated him ; that you do not consider him your son, but God's ; and frequently admonish him of this scene. Endeavor to impress him with the thought, that as you have relinquished all right in him that he may be devoted to this work, he should be willing to forsake all to enter upon it. And thus let this idea "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength,"



that his business is a world's salvation. I have advised you, audibly to consecrate your sons to God, in their presence. Some mothers may possibly be indisposed to instruct their children at the early period just mentioned, from the belief that they cannot comprehend the meaning of such instruction. Should you be of that number, you surely cannot refuse to comply with one item in the request just made, which is, that after you have consecrated your sons to God in private, you will take them into your closets and kneel with them and pray audibly with them, that they may hear you while you give expression to the desire that God will make them not only the trophies of his grace but heralds of the cross.

8. Endeavor to kindle in the heart of your son *the heroic spirit of the Gospel*. Make him feel that of all the enterprises of the present day, the missionary enterprise is one of the noblest which can be undertaken on earth. Make it appear glorious. You have his affections, and his imagination lights its torch at the altar fire which burns upon your heart. Use a sanctified and chastened imagination in portraying to him the glorious results of



this enterprise. Catch the spirit of the prophet bard : “ The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them, &c. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.” Set before him the Captain of Salvation, and the glorious rest which is to follow the warfare ; that his heart may pant with the spirit of the Gospel, and that he may long to be one among Christ’s soldiers.

“ We must have mothers in France,” said Madam Campan to Bonaparte. This single remark, it is said, had a magical influence on the mind of the emperor. And what did he do under the influence of this thought ? From that moment he set the mothers of France to the work of education, to carry forward his plans. Mothers inspired their children with a martial spirit. They put into the hands of their infant boys the little trumpet, sword, drum, and martial flag, and chanted over their cradles the sweet war monody. They embraced all possible oppor

tunities to exalt the name of their illustrious military conqueror. Thus in a few years mothers infused into the minds of the children of France such a thirst for military honor, that their boys panted to be men, that they might enter the field of military glory, and serve their emperor and their country. Truly our Lord has said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Christian mothers, will you not do for Christ what the mothers of France did for Bonaparte? Let me entreat you thus to act. Such action on your part would, I doubt not, often be overruled by the Head of the church for the conversion of your children. Get them to turn their attention to the miseries of others, and they will naturally be induced to turn their attention to their own miseries. Let me mention a case or two in point.

A clergyman not long since told me, that when he was about five years of age he saw some pictures of the Tuscarora Indians, which had been sent by a lady who had gone as a missionary from his native place. This circumstance made an impression upon his mind respecting missions which he never

forgot, and he considers this as one of the important means which God made use of for his conversion.

Another clergyman stated, that in his boyhood a colored nurse, a pious methodist, impressed it upon his mind by her simple remarks that he was to become a minister. This impression never left him even in his most sinful years; but was, he believes, a leading instrumental cause of turning his mind to the subject of religion, and finally of constraining him to become a preacher of the Gospel.

An American missionary said, "I recollect particularly, that once my mother came and stood by me as I sat in the door, and tenderly talked to me of God and my duty to him, and her tears dropped upon my head. That made me a missionary."

9. *Teach them to pray for a perishing world.* Never should they bow their little knees at the throne of grace in the morning and in the evening, without pleading with God for this object. They should also attend a monthly concert of prayer. Many parents do not feel disposed to take their children to the monthly concerts as now established, be-

cause they are held at night, when they can scarcely be kept awake. If this objection be valid, then by all means let a monthly concert of prayer be established exclusively for children, and let it be held at a season when their attention can be kept up. Perhaps the afternoon of the Sabbath would be the most appropriate season. Indeed I think that such a concert should at all events be established. Very frequently the nature of the missionary intelligence communicated at our usual monthly concerts of prayer, and the long prayers which are offered are not adapted to children. Prayers with children should never exceed four or five minutes, and the missionary intelligence should be of the most simple and stirring nature. The little books which have been printed by our Sunday-school, Tract and other Societies, as well as the little monthly papers which are devoted to the publication of missionary intelligence, will furnish ample means to interest juvenile hearers. Were I the pastor of a church, it would, I think, be one of my first objects to establish such a monthly concert of prayer. I can hardly think of any meeting which it would give me so much pleasure to attend,

or which would, with the blessing of God, tell so much upon the salvation of the souls of the children, as well as upon the promotion, eventually, of the Redeemer's kingdom. If you ever expect your children to become men and women of full stature in prayer, *they must be educated in the missionary prayer-meeting*. Unless they are thus educated, they will never pray for the heathen as they should pray for them. They will be no better in this respect than ourselves. And if there be not a much greater spirit of prayer, how is this world ever to be converted to Christ.

I have said nothing to those mothers who profess to be christians, but who are unwilling to have their sons enter the ministry because they may be poor, or from some other trivial reason. Do such mothers know what they do? Have they any desire that their sons should become converted? Even if they have, I know not what reason they have to hope (so far as they are concerned) that this will be the case. They may expect to weep over ungodly sons, and break their hearts over graves on whose tombstones there shall be no record of hope.

## CONCLUSION.

And now, christian mothers, what more shall I say? You are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, looking upon you to see what you will do—to see whether you will bestir yourselves in this matter or not. The church looks to you with deep solicitude. The church of the coming generation has its germs in your families. You are the guardians over Christ's nursery. Shall they be plants standing like green olive-trees in the house of God, or shall they be like the present dwarfish race of christians.

The eyes of the great Head of the church are placed upon you. He has entrusted to you the great means of raising up ministers to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and he looks to you to see what you will do. And will you not awake to a sense of your responsibilities and rejoicingly use the instrumentalities which Christ hath committed to your hands?

Oh! for one brief moment suppose yourselves in the condition of those wretched heathen for whose sake I plead. Suppose

you were in their places, without God, and without hope in the world, and I were pleading *for you* in this little work with many prayers and tears. How would you wish that they should act for you? Say, christian mothers, how would you wish them to act for you? So act for them, and act now. Never! Oh never was there a class of females, from the days of Adam to this time, who were placed in so responsible a situation as you. Every act of yours will tell upon the destinies of souls, either for heaven or for hell. It is a solemn thing for you *to die*. How much more solemn and awful a thing is it for you *to live* in such a day as this.

THE END.





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